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No woodcutting operation began on 09-22-1984 and was completed today (all except splitting the wood and carrying it into town): eight weeks total time. What a difference! What an incredible difference it makes. The sense of clean - new and open - new is truly exhilarating; the amount of light that now streams through the windows is glorious to behold. As Spring approaches more and more light will come in because the sun will be more and more direct in the East windows & more and more direct in the West windows. From the point of view of heat, it should make a difference -- solar energy & my Kerosene heater & my oil filled electric radiator ought to carry the day.

No woodcutting crew today consisted of: Jack, Richard, Jim Obelkevich & SRP; mid - morning Bob Matthews arrived. We disposed of the several remaining trees in the SE corner of the property. The fire, this week, was again on the Dunhoff lawn, but further from the building than the several previous fires on the East lawn. Jack & Richard measured & cut; Bob Matthews split; Jim carried brush & so did I; I also spent a fair amount of time cutting down dead blackberry bushes & raking up branches & twigs and tons of dead leaves -- the woodland on the East, including along the road, is now very open & accessible. Lunch was the same as usual: hot dogs roasted over the fire. Delicious. A Mr. Hlocum from Olyphant stopped and asked about the older members of the Church -- I referred him to Selwyn Smith. Hlocum was very friendly and I believe he said he is related to the Lowenys. The crew left at about 3 PM; I went down & got some water at the Tinker Creek and brought it up and prepared

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my evening bath. On Sunday I will re-fill my water containers at the Golf Course. Prepared myself a bountiful dinner: spaghetti with a tomato sauce into which I put a large quantity of the garlic that WSP recently gave me & also some scallions & celery. Very tired in mid-evening & so I took a 40 minute nap, which was very luxurious. When I woke up, I read for a while -- my newest love is Chevet: Carolly Erickson's The First Elizabeth, published in 1983 by Summit Books, NYC. The book is well written and will doubtless provide me with great pleasure over the course of several weeks. My naturally insatiable appetite for the words of Elizabeth I and for Elizabeth herself.

Worked at my desk for a couple hours and sorted through the past couple of days and "pasted down" all of the primary documents. Around 11 P.M. I decided to drive to Forest City and purchase some milk so that on Sunday I could make some rice pudding. While in F.C., I purchased a pint of butter pecan ice cream and when I returned here I ate the entire pint & then read some more in The First Elizabeth.